THE NEW UNITY

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The American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

To unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

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Editorial

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

—Longfellow.

IT is not a bad contribution to the current discussions concerning money, bimetalism, etc., to know that the silver market in India is much influenced by the stars. Astrologers have immense power over the speculators, and when the horoscope is not propitious, the market value of silver bullion goes down. American politicians will give to the deluded Hindoos a patronizing smile, but perhaps they have not much to say. They have not yet touched bottom.

IN view of the startling achievements of man on every hand, it behooves us to beware of the impiety that promptly pronounces anything worthy or noble impossible to him who puts his finite hand into the infinite hand of the Father of the universe; who makes common cause with the potencies of nature which are the potencies of God. It is irreverence to call the desirable impossible, and it is impiety to refuse to try to realize the noblest dreams and divinest plans.

WE call the attention of the readers of THE NEW UNITY this week to the program of the Western Unitarian Conference, which is to be found in the "Liberal Field". One point of special interest to all is the Thursday morning discussion on the relation the conference ought to bear to the other liberal organizations, including the Liberal Congress. We trust the committee on this subject will make their report in print before the Conference meets, that the other members of the Conference may have time to consider the matter before the vote is taken.

WE publish this week the first instalment of a series of articles on The Permanent Elements in the Great Religions. Dr. Carus has kindly consented to give us the clear and interesting account of Buddhism which will be completed in our next issue. Rev. Joseph Stolz is to treat Judaism in a similar manner. Mr. Charles De B. Mills, so well known for his work on Buddhism, is to give the reader of THE NEW UNITY an account of the permanent in the Parsee faith. The other great religions will follow, each treated by some careful and sympathetic student. We hope that a similar series on The Contribution of the Christian Sects to Civilization may also be begun before long.

THE REV. JOHN FAVILLE, pastor of the Congregational Church of Appleton, Wis., and the pastor of All Souls Church, Chicago, have arranged for an exchange of pulpits on Sunday, May 19th. This exchange carries with it not only the significance of personal fellowship which exists between old friends, but it is meant as an object lesson in that religious fraternity which regards as unholy the old time chasm between so-called orthodox and liberal churches, the chasm resting on distinctions which time has largely ameliorated and which now carry an implication which is untrue to the parties on both sides of the chasm. We trust that it is an example which will be followed and that the cause of fraternity will grow until religious workers will recognize everywhere that the ties of a common purpose and spiritual endeavor are more commanding than the exactions of creed and the barriers of sects and denominations. Mr. Faville and Mr. Jones are not so much afraid of a new sect but that they are willing to test the old ones by the spirit of hospitality and co-operation.

How many of our readers can understand the pathos of this frank note received by the managing editor: "I cannot pay for my UNITY. It is utterly impossible. I am two years in arrears. I wrote a year ago to the office that I could not pay, kindly asking that it be stopped. But they would not have it that way. They wanted me to profit by it. I am a homesteader, away out here in the woods within three miles of the Pacific. My place brings in absolutely no revenue. I hate to ask its discontinuance—because the paper does us lots of good, to ourselves and to our neighbors,—but I must. If you know what it is to be absolutely poor, you will sympathize with us. Before we part company, though, let me say there is no cause on earth more dear to me than that in which you are engaged. May God bless and prosper THE NEW UNITY until men to men the world o'er shall be brothers." If this were a solitary case, the publishers might still continue to set aside the scruples of this far away reader. But the list of this kind is too long. The line must be drawn somewhere and sometime. Is there not someone more favored and more bountifully supplied who would like either to send to our publishers the $2.00 that will continue the weekly visit from the office, or to ask of the editor the address of this reader, that they may

forward their own copy into the Pacific woods after they have read it?

About seventy-five years ago there lived in Portsmouth, England, John Pounds, a cobbler, who for twenty years gathered in his cobbler shop the little ragged outcasts of the streets to teach them to read and write, tempting them there with hot potatoes which he baked in the ashes in his little fireplace at the shop. Thus he laid the foundation of a great system of schools known in England as the "ragged schools." They spread all over the land until there was scarcely a town of importance in England that did not have one. We read of one who for ten years fed and taught four thousand different children. These schools grew until they became what is now the free school system of England, which in 1890 had grown to the immense proportions of 4,237,655 children between the ages of five and fourteen. This represented the average attendance in the free schools of England, Wales and Scotland. This is another splendid verification of the fertility of a good seed,—which, after all, is the only seed that gives rise to plants of long growth. Bad seeds often spring up promptly but, like weeds, they are apt to be annuals. Good seeds give rise to plants of the nature of the oak, the pine and the palm. They endure long and are far reaching in their blessings.

Within a week Chicago has had two startling surprises in the newspaper world. One, the unexpected death of James W. Scott, just after that gentleman had secured control of a great newspaper combination and was fairly launched upon a venture of great significance. He was a man who had proven his power. In his hands the *Times-Herald* was expected to reach a high degree of succese won on noble journalistic lines. The second was the prompt transfer of the paper into the hands of H. H. Kohlsaat, whose short career on the *Inter Ocean* had aroused great expectations on the part of the best friends of the city. Mr. Kohlsaat comes into the management of this great paper with somewhat different views from those held by his friend and predecessor, Mr. Scott, but he comes with integrity, with nerve and with vim. He comes with money, with youth and with the confidence of the people, and he comes pledged to conduct an independent journal committed to protect integrity of an international currency, to advocate a tariff revenue enough to secure protection to such industries as are threatened by the cheaper wages of foreign countries, and, above all, he comes to the work pledged to civil service reform and to non-partisan administration of municipal affairs. The New Unity recognizes in Mr. Kohlsaat a worthy member of that fraternity of higher journalists who edits with a purpose and who recognizes the abiding standard of ethics as the only legitimate standards of journalism. We congratulate the public and welcome as a brother missionary this man of affairs with a conscience, this editor of a daily paper whose purpose is to work for that kingdom of God on earth represented by "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." These gospel-full sentences are the words with which Mr. Kohlsaat ends his salutatory in the first issue of the paper under his charge. It is of profound significance that with the breaking up of so many old lines, the wicked line between secular and religious journalism is badly demoralized. Some would-be "religious" papers are being conducted in the most secular spirit of narrowness, sectarian prejudice and denominational servility. While some so-called secular papers are being conducted in the most religious spirit of independency, openness and the advocacy of righteousness without the modifyers of creed or sect.

Remote Causes, or the Continuity of History.

Some weeks ago I spent a day at Santa Fé, the capital city of the territory of New Mexico, a curious, quaint old Mexican town, only partially Americanized. It is hard to realize that away out there on the arid plains of New Mexico, seven thousand feet above the sea, with endless miles of uninhabited, dry, parched plains, studded with cacti, sage grass, soap weed and dwarf cedars, is to be found probably the most ancient city in the United States. St. Augustine of Florida boasts to be a city founded by the Spaniards in 1595, but the records claim that Coronado, the old Spanish path-finder, found here a village in 1540, fifty-five years before the founding of St. Augustine, and that he took possession of it then and there in the name of Christ and in the interests of Spain; and that ever since, the town has continued, unbroken, changing from race to race, from nation to nation. Be this as it may, it is certain that in 1605, fifteen years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, the Spaniards founded a colony there which they named *La Ciudad Real de La Santa Fe de San Francisco*, "The royal city of the holy faith of St. Francis." The name has been shortened by our practical Yankee people into Santa Fé, the city of the Holy Faith. Here I visited the oldest house of worship in this country, the Church of San Miguel, a church built soon after the occupation of the town in 1605. The old original adobe walls still stand. Inside is seen the original copper bell bearing the date in its battered rim of 1350,—nearly five hundred and fifty years old—sent from far off Spain. And now at certain times it strikes the call for the children who attend the parish school near by to come to their religious lessons. I entered the larger, modern, but far less interesting cathedral which stands close to it, and there I found the good father, a holy monk, teaching his confirmation class an Easter lesson. There were from fifty to sixty children present, Indian, Mexican and Irish and German and perhaps American. The good old priest talked in Spanish. I could only understand the great words, which are very much alike in all languages. I knew he was talking to them of God, of duty, of heaven, of Father, of love, of honor and righteousness. I was interested in seeing how those children of what we call the "wild west" listened. How they did listen! Some of the faces were rapt with attention while the good father talked with them. In the afternoon I rode on horseback out onto those dry, dusty, alkali, desert-like hills. I rode away beyond the sight of the city, beyond the sight of habitations, passing now and then some Mexicans driving their burros, little dwarf donkeys not much bigger than sheep, carrying into town bundles of dried wood, vegetables or cans of milk strapped to their backs. Nine miles out I came upon the Tesuque pueblo, a village of the old-fashioned Indians, related to those far-off races that perhaps belonged to Montezuma and the quaint peoples that had to do with the ancient ruins of Mexico, the curious Cliff-dwellers of Colorado, they who lived in holes carved into the face of the upright rock, story upon story, like the swallows in the bluff. I spent an hour with these simple people, mostly in blankets and in moccasins; I went into their curious mud houses built two stories high, the upper tiers of the houses entered by ladders from the outside. I would step into the doorway and find the courteous greeting "Entre,"—their pleasant "come in." But there speech ended. They could talk little English and I could talk no Indian and no Spanish. The houses in the main were cleanly. Most of the inmates were busy in their simple industry of making baskets, molding crude pottery, decorating the same, tanning leather, shaping it into slippers and moccasins adorned with bead ornaments. There were the primitive grinding stones, rude contrivances by means of which they reduced corn into meal. In one of these houses where the women wore more modern clothes, calico dresses and "boughten shoes," I asked the usual question, "Can you speak English?" They smiled intelligently and one of them lifted a trap-door and called down through it, and after a while up popped from the lower story a bright-faced boy looking strangely familiar. He was dressed in knee pants, woolen stockings and shoes, had on a white collar and wore a neck-tie. When I asked him if he could talk English he promptly replied, "Yes sir."

"Where did you learn it?"
"At school."
"Where did you go to school?"
"At Santa Fe."
"Why are you not in school now?"
"It is vacation, Easter time."
"When did you come home?"
"Today. School closed at noon."

Then it all came back to me. This was the very face I had noticed in the confirmation class at Santa Fe that morning, as being deeply interested in the story which the Catholic priest was telling the children. I took much comfort in the thought that the good teacher's words were bringing light into the simple homes of the Tesusque pueblos. This boy had come home perhaps to teach

the mother and father how to read not only Spanish but English, and gradually he will lift the simple-minded Pueblo Indians into more comfort and enlargement of soul. My thoughts took a long range that day. Beyond the priest who taught the children in the church of San Miguel, to the ambitious and impulsive Loyola, the founder of the order to which he belonged; and away beyond him to the gentle St. Francis and the other holy saints whose lives had been his consolation and inspiration as he lay tossing with fever in a Spanish hospital. To them through hundreds of years of time came the story of a peasant boy who was the pride of his mother, the helper of his father, who grew into manly earnestness, who spoke words of such holy simplicity, that fishermen left their nets and followed him. The water carriers at the well stopped to ask him questions. The tax collector and the politicians ceased to wrangle over party issues, to listen to what he had to say about the great things of love and duty. The higher dignitaries of the church wondered at his authority but listened to him notwithstanding. He taught people in simple stories. He saw the birds picking up seeds which a man had sown in the field. He saw a widow woman putting in two pennies into the contribution box and right after her came a wealthy man who put in much gold. A young man with much wealth came to him, asking him what he should do that he might live a noble life. He heard of a man who had fallen among thieves, neglected by the priests, passed by the church members, helped by an infidel. And all these incidents and such as these he used to teach the simple people how to be good. He taught them the difference between pretension and reality. He taught them how to measure the value of a deed by the intention and not by the accomplishment. The widow's mite was worth more to God, he said, than the wealthy man's eagles, because she gave out of her needs, he gave out of his plenty. The infidel who took care of the wounded man, and not the priests who passed him by, was most acceptable to God. Such stories as these were told by a man whose life was so kind that children clustered about him; that lonely and discouraged and grief-stricken women trusted him; the great feared him, the wicked killed him. This is the story of a Judean peasant that kindled in the heart of St. Francis the light which penetrated the darkened spirit of Loyola and traveled on until it crossed the seas in the boats of Columbus and on through the wilderness of North America, on into the great valleys of Mexico, on with the explorers who laid the foundations of the city of the "Holy Faith of St. Francis." This light established the school at Santa Fé which brightened the face of the Indian boy in the Pueblo.

But we have not yet come to the beginning of the light. What did Mother Mary teach the darling boy Jesus? What were the stories she had to tell him? She could not tell him of the fiery boy Loyola or the gentle St. Francis. They were not then, but she could tell him of the heroic Maccabean kings, of the valiant Daniel who would not bow the knee to a false God, of the great King David who, before he was king, played on his harp the tunes which the quails loved and which soothed the melancholy spirit of the grim King Saul. She could tell him of little Samuel and of his good mother Hannah, who gave him as a babe to serve at the altars of Yahveh. Yes, she would tell him of the brave old prophets of Israel who went up and down among the people preaching righteousness, telling them the Lord their God required of them only that they "do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with their God." I am sure Mother Mary loved the great poets of her people. She loved to quote to the little boy the sweet hymns that say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." Or, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the rocks." Or, "The heavens declare the glory of God. The firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, night unto night showeth knowledge." Or again, "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul. The statutes of the Lord are right, enlightening the eyes; more to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold. Sweeter than honey in the honeycomb." Or sometimes when she was not tired and she had more time, she would read from the great drama of Job, written by some great Hebrew Shakespeare, which tells of a brave old hero who, though plagued and perplexed and bereft, "held fast unto his integrity." Though he was smitten with disease, though he lost his property, and though his family died one by one, he held up under it like a man, would not be cast down and say that which would make his life mean, or profane the thought of God because of his adversity. And then, once in a while, at bedtime Mother Mary would tell little Jesus the older stories, the fairy stories of her people, the beautiful legends of creation, the Adam and Eve story, the deluge story, the story of little Joseph and the spotted coat, of little Moses and his boat of bulrushes and of the great wanderings in the Wilderness. Of course these beautiful stories, these great hero stories, as well as the splendid speeches of the orators of Jewry, helped to kindle the light in the home of Nazareth where Jesus grew up.

Thus it is that the world is illumined with torches carried by humble hands in obscure places, whose light never goes out but passes on around the world, destined to shine through the unborn centuries. The threads of human history are long ones. They are never broken and they are being ever lengthened.

An English weekly announces with great pride that there are now one hundred and seventy-seven women doctors in the United Kingdom. How many are there in the United States?

The Coming Annual Meeting of the Liberal Congress.

The indications are that the meeting in June, to be held in Sinai Temple, will be of as great importance and as wide interest as the one held a year ago. It is too early yet to give details, but the correspondence of the secretary is large and encouraging, as the following extracts will indicate:

Dr. Alfred Momerie, whose words were so commanding at the Parliament of Religion, perhaps the most outspoken man in the Episcopal pulpit of today, who is now in California, writes that he is planning to be with us if possible.

Dr. Voorsanger, the leading Jewish Rabbi of the Pacific Coast, has indicated his intention of being at the Congress.

Dr. W. S. Crowe, of Newark, writes: "Please do not feel that I am any less than heart and soul with the Liberal Congress. * * * I shall come to the June meeting if I can. It is too early now to promise."

Rev. J. H. Crooker, of Helena, Montana, says: "I like the tone and quality of your letter of the 8th to the Directors of the Congress. I enclose my mite by way of contribution; wish I could make it larger. When the wool comes back to fifteen cents a pound, I shall be able to find you the rich man, out here, for whom you are looking. I hope you will have a strong, conservative meeting."

Rev. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, Ohio, says: "I fear it will not be possible for me to make any more engagements to speak. I have mortgaged my time already, but I should like to be able to meet with you, for I want to do what I can to promote the co-operation of all who are willing to work for the kingdom of God."

Rev. Thomas Hall, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago, who was asked to speak on the dangers and uses of wealth, replies: "It would afford me great pleasure to address the Congress in June, but unfortunately I shall be in Europe. * * * The subject assigned me is one upon which I feel deeply. I should only have been too glad to have had the opportunity of saying what would have had a wide hearing."

Rev. Alexander Kent, pastor of the People's Church in Washington, says: "It is well that you are to hold the second meeting in Chicago; very pleasant to have the generous hospitality of Dr. Hirsch's noble people extended to us again. * * * I hope to attend the Congress and will do all I can, hoping for a large, harmonious and profitable Congress."

H. H. Waldo, a layman of Rockford, says: "This Liberal Congress business must be pushed. Perhaps slow growth is better, but it must grow, for I have faith in the law of orderly development."

Dr. Orello Cone, president of Buchtel College, who was asked to read a paper on "The Moral Uses of the Higher Criticism of the New Testament," writes: "I will do what I can for you in the part indicated."

W. L. Sheldon, lecturer of the Ethical Culture Society of St. Louis, in response to a request for suggestions, sends many helpful hints, among which is the hope "that we may be able to get such individuals as Heber Newton, Dr. Parkhurst and the broader element generally from the orthodox churches."

The Secretary is conducting a wide correspondence with these representatives, with the suggestive co-operation of Director John Faville, pastor of the Congregational church of Appleton, Wisconsin.

Rev. W. R. Lord, the new pastor of Unity church, St. Paul, writes: "I hope never to fail any cause from the lack of courage. I want to be in the vanguard of any true and brave movement."

By vote of the directors a similar invitation to that recently published in the report of the meeting of the directors of the Western Conference, is being sent to all religious organizations of the country, based on the

congregational polity, so far as their addresses are attainable. Responses are already coming in, among which are the following:

Rev. J. H. Palmer, secretary of the Iowa Universalist Convention, writes: Circular received. Personally I am with you without any adjectives or qualification. There will be no meeting of the convention for several months and the executive board has just had its meeting. We cannot, therefore, appoint any delegates to speak officially for us. We can only be represented in a personal manner, and that I trust will be done."

Rev. C. F. Elliott, secretary of the Illinois Unitarian Conference writes: "I have forwarded your communication to the president with request for instruction. As the Illinois Conference does not meet until fall, they could not send delegates unless the directors should assume authority to do so."

Rev. Robert C. Douthit, secretary of the Wisconsin Conference, writes: "The conference at Menomonie is to be an interstate meeting. No time has been set apart for business; but I suppose there will be an opportunity for bringing the matter before our delegates, and I shall take pleasure in so doing."

Mrs. Emily Fifield, secretary of the Unitarian Woman's Alliance, writes: "Your letter will be brought before the meeting of the National Alliance early in May."

Communications like the above have been received from the secretary of the Maine Universalist Convention, the secretary of the Unitarian Conference of the Middle States and Canada and the National Conference of Unitarian churches. We trust that these bodies will take the congress at its word and trust its spirit and find in its invitation an opportunity to advance the interests they hold dear and which they represent.

Space forbids further quotations this time. More anon. Help us with suggestions, with good will, with money, for it cannot be done without money.

Old and New.

Star Dust Revealed by a Sunbeam.

THE supreme court of California has decided that the holder of a through railroad ticket has a right to stop-over privileges.

THE English language is now spoken by 130,000,000 people. Though our language contains, according to Max Muller, 60,000 distinct words, the chaste and modest Milton used but 8,000 of them in his works, and even Shakespeare did not draw upon over 12,000.

AN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS on childhood will be held in Florence in the spring of 1895. Among the questions to be discussed are the physical, moral and mental elevation of children, children's hospitals, the care of deaf-mute and blind children up to the time of their admission into an educational institution, care of poor and abandoned children, reformatories and vagabondage in relation to childhood.

A BUDDHIST correspondent from Japan writing to the editor of *The Open Court*, speaks of twenty or more Buddhist monks who have been sent to China with the army "to comfort both soldiers and Chinese prisoners." He further tells of a colonel who, "fighting the enemy with his sword, protected and comforted at the same time a motherless Chinese baby." Thus the spirit of Buddha, like that of Jesus, is still all pervading and pervasive.

SIR BENJAMIN WARDE RICHARDSON, in an address lately published, mentions that he once interrogated a noted tight-rope expert as to his art. The acrobat stated that all good trainers and skilled performers agree that abstinence from alcoholic beverages is absolutely necessary. His advice to athletes is: "So long as you are in course of preparation touch not the hurtful thing; it will be sure to undermine all the qualities on which you depend for success; it will injure your precision, your decision, your presence of mind and your endurance."

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Lilacs.

BY HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Over the blossoming hedges
Heavy with all perfumes,
Sweetly today there floateth
The breath of the lilac plumes.

Dear is the deepening fragrance,
Subtly the sense it thralls,
And full of a sweet suggestion
Across my heart it falls.

The odor bears me backward
To the heart of another May,
When the snowy sprays were tossing
In the air of a fateful day—

A day when a purple splendor
Come flooding a narrow life,
And the pomp of life's royal pageant
Displaced its calm with strife.

Never the breath of the lilacs
Comes with the apple-blooms,
But the Day of Fate comes with it,
And the old time's deep perfumes.

I smell the blossoming locusts
That drooped above our way,
The spicy mint, the sassafras,
All odors of the May.

And even in the hush of night
The old time with me seems,
And lilac breath and apple bloom
Are with me in my dreams.

Buddhism.

BY DR. PAUL CARUS.

I. The Cradle of Buddhism.

About two and a half millenniums ago, India was already in a very prosperous condition. The land yielded rich harvests; industries and arts flourished; and science kept abreast with the material development of civilization. Logic, however, and abstract reasoning had attained an unusually high development, for in these arts the ancient Indians were masters above all other nations in the world.

In those days the religious question was, perhaps, for the first time, recognized in its full importance, and led to investigations, discussions and various modes of solution. The central problem which lies at the root of all religion is concerned with the origin of, and the deliverance from, evil. We are thirsting for life, not only for life in general, but for individual life, for the preservation of our personal existence, its continuance, welfare, and further evolution; yet life involves us in pain, misery, labors, struggles, sickness, old age and death. The very contents of life seem to be made up of evils, as a means of escape from which religion was sought, and the religion of India was in those days, as it is now again, Brahmanism.

Brahmanism is a system of ceremonies, prayers and sacrifices by which men attempt to win the favor of the gods. The doctrines of Brahmanism are contained in their sacred writings called the Vedas, which were supposed to have been revealed by divine inspiration. The purpose of sacrifice was threefold: we read in the Vishnu-purâna, "By sacrifices the gods are nourished," and in the Tândya-brâhmana the limb of the victim consigned to the fire of the altar is called "the expiation for sins committed, by the gods, by our ancestors, by other men now living, and by ourselves." But the dearest hope of the Hindu was to acquire through sacrifices supernatural powers.

The Hindu world-conception as it appears in the Vêdic literature may be called a loose monism. It is a unitary world-conception containing a polytheistic mythology, the meaning of which, however, is frankly declared to be pantheistic. Brahma is the One and All, and he reveals himself in all the various divinities. We read in the Isa Upanishad:*

"Whate'er exists within this universe
Is all to be regarded as enveloped
By the great Lord, as if wrapped in a vesture.
There is one only Being who exists
Unmoved, yet moving swifter than the mind;
Who far outstrips the senses, though as gods
They strive to reach him; who himself at rest
Transcends the fleetest flight of other beings;
Who, like the air, supports all vital action.
He moves, yet moves not; he is far, yet near;
He is within this universe. Who'er beholds
All living creatures as in him and him—
The universal Spirit—as in all,
Henceforth regards no creature with contempt."

The social system of ancient India divided the people rigorously into four castes: the Brahmans or priests, the Kshatryas or warriors, the Vaisyas or traders and agriculturists, and the Sudras or the lowly class of the conquered population. The first three are Aryans; the last mentioned, the original inhabitants of India.

II. The Darsanas of Ancient India.

There were six philosophies (Darsanas) in ancient India: 1. The Mimânsâ, founded by Jaimini; 2. The Vêdânta, whose main representative was Sankarâchârya; 3. The Vaiśeshika, founded by Kanada; 4. The Nyâna, founded by Gotama; 5. The Sâmkhya, founded by Kapila; and 6. The Yoga. The first two, Mimânsâ and Vêdânta, may briefly be characterized as an exegesis of the Vêdas. The Vêdas are said to be eternal and their authority is recognized as absolute. The aim of the Mimânsâ is to explain unintelligible passages of the Vêdic texts and to give reliable information concerning the proper performances of ceremonies and sacrifices. The Vêdânta, which literally means the end or aim of the Vêdas, reduces the religious doctrines of the Vêdas to scientifically exact terms. Its trend is a philosophy which is called Advaita or non-duality, a spiritualistic monism teaching the doctrine that Brahma is the universal soul and the only true reality, while all things and individual beings are mere appearance, a product of illusion (Mâyâ) and ignorance (Avidya)

The Vaiseshika and Nyâna belong together. The founder of the Vaiseshika is only known by his nickname Kanada which means "Atom-eater." The peculiarity of his philosophy consists in his method of classification. There are six categories: Substance, quality, action, generality of properties, particularity and inherence. The disciples of Kanada add as a seventh category, non-existence. The fifth category, particularity (*Vaisesha*), gave the name to the system. Reality is conceived of as an infinite variety of particular units or atoms, the infinite nature of which remains constantly the same. The atoms are self-existent, uncaused and eternal. An invisible force (*Adrishta*) is the forming principle. The soul (*Purusha*) is supposed to be without beginning and without end, all-pervading and omnipresent in space. The action of the soul depends upon mind (*Manas*), which, in contrast to the diffused nature of the soul, is conceived as an atom capable of being in one place only at a time. This artificial

*Quoted from Sir Monier Williams's "Hinduism," p. 45.

idea of an all-pervading soul and a monad-mind, or Manas, was invented to account for the fact that man can think of one thing at a time only, while he is at the same time conscious of possessing deeper spiritual resources.

The Nyâna philosophy is a mere extension of the Vaiseshika. It adopts the atomic theory and psychology of the latter and adds expositions of the method of inquiry. It might best be characterised as a system of formal logic applied to practical reasoning. Later representatives of the Vaiseshika and the Nyâna admitted a certain theism, but their god is not like the Christian God, the creator of the world, but only one extraordinarily powerful individual soul which has become omnipresent and omniscient through the accumulation of merit in former existences and is now exempt from migration, enjoying the unfathomable bliss of needing no deliverance.

The Sâmkhya philosophy is dualistic, propounding the theory of a radical difference of self or soul or subjective being, and the objectivity of material bodies; it assumes the eternal existence and reality of both matter and soul, or rather souls, for Kapila assumed the existence of an indefinite number of souls. He argued: Impure matter cannot originate from pure spirit or *vice versa*; and he denied at the same time in unequivocal terms the existence of a creator, for there is no creation out of nothing, and all becoming is transformation according to law. Sâmkhya means "enumeration," which name has probably been chosen on account of the enumeration of the principles of the Sâmkhya philosophy, which sketch the evolution of the present form of existence from the undifferentiated primordial matter called prakriti—the unproduced producer and the rootless root of all things.

The Yoga philosophy adopts the theories of the Sâmkhya, adding to them the practice of meditation and self-induced trances. The means of self-hypnotisation consisted in abstraction from the outer world and the concentration of the mind on itself with the aim of isolating the soul from matter and thus gaining deliverance.

We might mention as a seventh school the materialistic philosophy of the Cârvâkas or Lokâyatas, founded by Vrihaspati. They recognize only sense-perception as a source of knowledge and reject the reliability of logical inference. They regard only the four elements—earth, air, fire and water—as real, and consider intelligence as a transient product of these elements. Soul is to them identical with the body, and all phenomena are declared to be purely mechanical processes. They ridicule sacrifices as much as devotion and penance, and do not believe in the retribution of moral justice. The Cârvâkas have never succeeded in becoming a recognized school or producing any literary documents of importance. We know them only through the arguments of their adversaries who mention their theories merely for the purpose of refuting them.

There are certain ideas which cannot be credited to any one of the various schools, because they have come to be the common property of Indian thought; they are briefly stated as follows:

1. The irrefragability of the law of causation which is said to be as rigid in the sphere of morals as in the physical world.

2. The law of Karma, which means that our existence is the exact product of our deeds done in former existences.

3. The belief in justice as a natural law. Our sufferings are supposed to be just punishments for sins committed in former existences, and the advantages we enjoy the rewards for former merits.

4. The transmigration of souls. The character of our individuality is conditioned by our dispositions, or *Samskaras*, which are the inherited soul-structures produced by the Karma of our former existences.

5. The pain of Samsâra (the circuit of life), which means that the eternal repetition of soul-migration implicates us in evils of all kind, especially birth, disease, old age and death.

6. The salvation of Nirvâna, that is to say, the aim of all moral aspirations is to reach (the calm and peaceful bliss of Nirvâna which is) a deliverance from the evils of Samsâra.

III. The Samkhya Philosophy.

The Sâmkhya philosophy is of special interest in so far as it forms a starting point of Buddhistic thought. We cannot understand Buddhism without considering the great influence of the dualism and pessimism exercised on Indian thinkers by the Sâmkhya philosophy.

As in Sanskrit, soul and man are expressed by the same word (Purusha), matter was naturally compared to a woman, a favorite simile employed not only by many dualistic philosophers, but also by Giordano Bruno, the great martyr and champion of monism who stands at the threshold of modern thought. But while Giordano represents the female principle as passive in spirit and the male principle as active, Kapila represents matter as active and soul as passive, reminding us of the quite modern view of some French psychologists who describe consciousness as a mere accompaniment of the physiological brain motions, which latter alone are said to be active and efficient to serve as causes in the bodily system. Soul, according to the Sâmkhya view, is the principle of apperception while matter is that which produces effects in the world of reality. Their union as we find it in living organisms is compared to a lame man mounted on a blind man. Matter is said to be the faithful servant of the soul. The exertions of the former are solely for the benefit of the latter. As soon as the soul becomes disgusted with the restlessness of the material world, matter ceases to be active; it is recognized as inane and becomes inert, while the soul after its separation from matter enjoys deliverance (Apavarga), which is the highest bliss attainable. At the close of the introduction of a Sâmkhya text-book (the Sâmkhya Pravacana-Bhashya) the following four propositions are added, which bear a close resemblance to the four noble truths of Buddha. We read:

1. That from which we deliver ourselves is pain.

2. Deliverance is the cessation of pain.

3. The cause of pain is the lack of distinction between soul and matter, which produces their continued union.

4. The means of deliverance is the discerning cognition.

Kapila rejected the methods of salvation proposed by the Brahmans, which were sacrifices, prayers and ceremonies. They may be granted to alleviate pain but they cannot free us from the cause of pain and thus make its return forever impossible. Kapila argues: Since pain lasts only so long as the soul is in connection with the body and the bodily organs, salvation can be obtained only by the absolute separation of soul and body, which must be affected through a cognition of the difference between soul and body.

The practical application of the Sâmkhya philosophy led to asceticism. Self-mortification, in the literal sense of the word, was supposed to be the means of salvation. The body must be killed. It must become dead so that the soul may live in a state of pure spirituality and the struggle for a painless existence became identical with the attempt of reaching a state of bodiless soul-life. Matter was denounced as the source of all evil, the three qualities of matter (the three *gunas*) which as they affect us in three ways were called good (*sattva*), bad (*raja*), and indifferent (*tamas*), were compared to a triple rope by which the soul is bound; but pure spirit was supposed to be free from pain, old age and death.

There were many serious men in those days who tried to realize the ideal of this ascetic dualism. Fasts and self-mortifications were carried to their extremes, and if, as a natural consequence, trances with ecstatic visions appeared, those morbid states were considered as the first hopeful symtoms of a partial deliverance of the soul. But a radical separation of body and soul and an actual deliverance from evil were not attained in this way.

The more the Sâmkhya ideas gained ground, the higher grew the repute of the yoga-practice of attaining deliverance by entering into trances.

(*To be Concluded.*)

God in All.

One Man's Thought as to Divinity.

BY S. C. STURTEVANT.

God is that Infinite and Eternal Spirit of power and life, who is ever present and permeating every atom of matter and every point in space, a living constant controlling will, the vital energy, the original cause and perpetual support of all things; and so far back as the finite mind can think, and in the present, he operates in both the material and spiritual realms by universal and unchangeable law.

Our solar system with its many worlds circling around the sun as a center, at such immense speed, and with such unerring precision, is simply a thought of God, as is also the starry vault of heaven, with its unlimited spaces resplendent with objects of grandeur and beauty.

It is also true that the smallest atom, and the crystalization of atoms into all the various forms of material and all forms of vegetable life, from the minutest lichen growing in a microscopic crevice in a rock up to the magnificent redwood tree, and every specimen of animal life from minute protoplasm to the whale or the elephant, or the complex and curious structure of the physical man, are but examples of the thought of God.

But still more interesting to us is the fact that from the crudest ideas of the savage to the clearer perceptions of civilized man and to the highest attainment of the scientist, the moralist and the metaphysician, the knowledge of good and evil, the power to know and worship our Creator, are all parts in God's plan and results of his thought; and as God is infinite power, wisdom, justice, truth and love, therefore, if man possesses these qualities even though in finite measure, he is so far a part of God, may rightfully consider God as his father, and the good things of the universe his heritage.

As the qualities of God are eternal, it follows that, to the mind of the true thinker, there opens a sure vision of immortality, a continual progress towards the perfection of God, and an absorbing of more and more of the divine spirit.

Any one who strives to thus progress will

have ever an increasing capacity for such growth. As we cultivate ourselves so shall we be able to receive higher and higher inspiration.

If any soul is so narrow as to be able to absorb only an atom of the divine spirit that is all it will have, but if it can take in the largest measure of divinity that divinity is waiting to enter.

That religion is not a whim, a caprice, or passing fancy, but an innate principle in man, an inherent element of his being, is proven by the fact that in all ages, in all countries, climates and zones, in all different races of people, through all stages of development, and under all circumstances and conditions, the religious element has ever manifested itself.

Humanity is ever seeking to worship. Ever trying to find out how it can come into more perfect harmony with its original.

A careful study of these phenomena discovers the fact, that all mankind have similar religious feelings.

Whenever the investigator can probe through the forms, ceremonies, theologies and superstitions with which the weakness, cupidity, egotism and ambition of man have loaded down the religious, he finds the germ of all to be the same. To-wit: "A desire to know God, and to do His will." Each seeker is rewarded according to the purity of his desire.

God does not and never did give to any set of men, or any special system of theological doctrine (sometimes misnamed religion) any monopoly of the revelation of His will to man. It is true that the advocates of systems of theology have put forward the claim that in no way could man find God except by adopting a belief and mode of worship which they consider essential. But all such claims are utterly without other foundation than the egotism, ambition or superstition of man. Their advocates are very honest and earnest, and by their efforts lead the careless and vicious to a consideration of duty to God and an earnest desire to obey His will followed by a renovated life, and the approval of God and religious fervor and happiness in the individual. Yet the fact remains that the same results are teached, where the work is done under the reachings of totally dissimilar theology.

The disciple of Zoroaster, Buddha, Christ or Mohammed, by the use of his right as the son and heir of God, and by an earnest desire to come into communion with him, may and does, each of them, establish between himself and the divine spirit that harmony which is the essential thing in religion.

Untold millions of God's children have come into life where they could only hear of one system of theology, and other millions where different systems contended for the mastery, and were led to believe one or another as environment or cast of mind determined; and to assert that belief in an error in theology shuts one out from the favor of God, is a greater insult to him than to assert atheism and deny His existence.

Above all things, in theology, let us never become bigots and narrow our souls by trying to exclude from God's favor those who differ from us in belief.

A COLORED woman in New Orleans is about to take her degree in medicine, and will be the first woman to practice in that city with a degree won in Louisiana.

THE greatest philosopher since Plato, Herbert Spencer, bankrupted himself by the publication of charts to go with this books, and did not make enough in a lecture tour to pay expenses. On the other hand, a French high-kicking concert hall singer is to receive $3,000 a week for entertaining the people of New York.—*Exchange.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength; be not afraid!"

The History of Easter in Connection with the Dogma of the Resurrection.

A LECTURE BY DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH.

In the decipherment of the old hieroglyphic inscriptions, the so-called bi-lingual tablets have been of inestimable service. Bi-lingual tablets are such as give the same report in two languages, one of which, happily for the would-be reader, is better known than the other. His familiarity with one dialect or script, thus enables the inquisitive scholar by combination, to read the riddles pointed in the imperfectly known tongue or alphabet of the other. In helping us to unravel the mental tendencies of man in the remote days of which no report is at hand, save the tangled sounds of myth and fable, present child-life, the play and worry of our two and three years old, may, in very truth, be called the better known text of a bi-lingual cylinder. The nursery—so to speak—is a pyramid, whose very walls are covered with inscriptions throwing light on the earliest periods of man's career on earth. The charm with which a visit to our children's sanctuary is clothed, does not merely lie in the joy readily experienced, that the children's pranks and quaint notions allow a peep into a paradise, of which, when young, the visitor was himself a tenant; but the nursery vouchsafes also, whatever other gifts it holds to bestow on the individual, an inlook into the condition of the human mind at an epoch anteceding all chronicled events, of which otherwise we might have no ken.

The earliest period of humanity may be likened unto a tablet writ in runic signs at first unreadable; but by the aid of the other tablet, which, so to speak, panels the walls of the nursery, we are given the key to its peculiar alphabet, and are enabled to reconstruct the thought-world of our most distant ancestors; we may infer of their feelings; of their views on life and the universe. For at one time all men were mentally children; though bodied like giants, if tradition is correct in informing us that once giants strode the earth, and coping with giant beasts extinct now; companioned by mastodons, and the fabled monsters of the deep; minded like infants were they. What is the fundamental tone of the child's mind? The composite photograph of childhood reveals only the lines of self-sentiment. The only fact of which the child possesses a shadowed consciousness, is its own self. His viewpoint from which he surveys world and men centers in self. To him applies without modification, the old Greek dictum that man is the measure of all things. If the sun is the center around which the solar family sweeps and whirls, self, for the child, is the sun around which family, friend, and the broad universe whirl and sweep and swing. What the child knows of itself, he transfers to the world beyond. The child feels within himself life; he reads all things, therefore, in terms of life. In fact, he does not know the distinction between life and death; the animate and the inanimate are one, undifferentiated in his comprehension. Have you watched the little mother of the nursery fondling her doll? She does not act; she is convinced that the doll is her like in the possession of life; the five gateways of the senses are the doll's as well as her little mother's. The child dreams life into the lifeless, unconscious of the distinction. In the child's apprehension, stone and star, doll and donkey, horse and hobby, plant and planet, are alike, quick with quivering life. Its own self the child projects into the world around about; stone is person, as child is; chair has feelings, as child has; table has ugly moods, as has he; pebble may be spiteful, as child is spiteful; and must be punished for its whims; the incipient cry is repressed at once, as soon as nurse strikes the block against which child has stumbled, hurting its poor little foot, for in this act of quick requitement is appeased the instinct of retributive justice; floor feels the slap as child would himself.

As our children people with persons the world round about, so did the children in days gone by, the children of gigantic frame and herculean strength, interpret as manifestations of personal power and will and whim and passion the wonders sweeping by them in the nightly sky or shining down upon them from the day's throne. The child halts at no riddle; primitive man shied at no problem. What spells a question too profound for us, flower on earth or constellation in the heavens, was plain and easy scroll for primitive, child-like man. Why, the stars above were men endowed with the same passions and loaded with the same burdens as he was; star chased cloud as man chased the animal of the forest; star was jealous of star, as men were jealous of each other, on account of the unequal division of the booty or the unevenly distributed smiles of the coveted beloved. When sun rose above the eastern horizon, he was a young warrior, golden locked, weaponed with bow and burdened with well-stocked quiver eager to run the race, with swift foot, or ambitious to trap the booty hidden in the celestial forest. When the sun had climbed to the noon-tide point, he was a strong man in radiant vigor, a king crowned with blazing diadem and wielding an undisputed despotic scepter. Again when the evening shadows began to thicken, the sun was an old man tottering toward his weary couch. When the winter's blast was blowing, when the foliage of the trees was shed; and chillingly bare was what a few brief months before had been garlanded in flowery wreaths, when the wind sighed sadly and mournfully across the heath—where stayed the hero that had smiled such bewitching smiles in his unchallenged youth? He was in the clutches of angry rival, he had been carried away captive and pined a prisoner in the mountain of the north where towered the bleak castle of the enemy; and in consequence the days grew shorter and shorter and the sun's light weaker and weaker; even the murmur of brook was hushed in icy fear; the whole of nature seemed bound and fettered with chains as strong as those that held the hopeless prisoner in the distant mountain jail. Man's slackening heart, too, became heavier, hope was nearing death. But when night is darkest, light is nearest; the fate so dreaded did not befall the ruler of the day. Wonder of wonders, he succeeds in throwing off the shackles; jealous rival is thwarted, triumphantly sallies forth, liberated from slavery, the hero; he resumes the scepter of his kingdom, joyously acclaimed by his subjects, his kindred, the men of giant frame, but child-like minds, tenants of sun-made earth.

Is this poetry? It is not; it is the science of early man, explaining the flight of the seasons and the succession of day and night. It is no less the dawn of science because to us it appears to be the dusk of mythology. Our poetry is indeed the broken echo of mythology; it is instinct with life creating personification. But the early generations

who spoke thus, really reasoned this wise. They knew not that they dreamt. Their fancy for them was templed truth, pillared fact; not poetic, but prosy transcription of the record of the heavens revealed. For us alone, not for them, the tablet presents cuneiform wedges and puzzling ideograms, to sense which we must compare the kindred signs of nursery language.

These hieroglyphics of infant mankind hold, however, the root from which have grown the ideas fundamental to our own Pessa'h, to the festival that calls together this morning more than half of the western world, in gladness to exult in a new life's birth and a new light's triumph over the darkness and the slavery of sin and of death.

There be those that believe that our religious holidays are outcome of God's unsearchable caprice; that at some time or other, with or without apparent reason, God promulgated the law, setting aside for all generations to be, the 14th day of Nissan as the beginning of a sacred tide. In accordance with this divine ordinance, Israel like a dutiful subject of his king, has ever since complied with the mandatory statute of the divine ruler. There be others that are apparent antipodes of the orthodox believers; they pride themselves on the glory of their liberalism. Still in the ultimate explanation of religious institutionalism, they agree with the most credulous. For they would trace all holidays to an artificial capricious origin. Your friend of the orthodox school holds that God invented these institutions, and thundered forth his commandments insisting obedience for his whim and compliance with his statute. Our liberal attitudinizer eliminates God and substitutes for him an earthly inventor. According to him at one time or another, priests, these crafty deceivers and frauds, speculating on the weakness and the stupidity of their kind, conspired for purpose of revenue and of greater authority, to promulgate the law, that on the 14th day of Nissan, for instance, Israel shall cease from work and observe with due solemnity a certain service unto the Lord. Shrewd intriguers these priests skilfully covered up the trap set for the people, and by hocus pocus of theirs led the people to believe that a revengeful God had spoken. Orthodox and liberals alike thus display their ignorance of those historic forces that preside at the loom on which are spun the social, the religious, the legal institutions of humanity progressing through the centuries of time toward the consummation of eternities. But, in the case of the orthodox, this ignorance is excusable; at least it is not colored with the presumption of omniscience. But the liberal imagines himself to be a Paganini because he has but this one string to his fiddle. One hundred years ago his opinion may have been abreast of and in harmony with the scholastic attainments of the age; today he displays an ignorance doubly deplorable, on account of his presumption to abundance of knowledge and also on account of the conclusions this sort of self-admiring liberalism invariably proceeds to draw from its faulty premises. As God had naught to do with the creation of the holidays, they would have them cease to be of value. Away with them! no God has commanded our attendance; why should we then to temple? No God is interested in the festival; why should we be interested? Another symptom this of the close friendship, not to say kinship, which obtains between ignorance, presumption and pseudo-liberalism! Yea, suppose that God has not commanded; suppose God is not concerned in the temple, but man in his need has fashioned these days, might not the need which created them, still be ours? Might not the original thought correspond to a want of human nature, and still now set asounding a string of our heart's lyre? If it does not, then indeed the institution fostered by it will die; if it does, your attack, my liberal friend, will avail not; human nature will assert itself; it asks for its rights, notwithstanding your papal protest. For learn this one fact, at last: priests cannot palm off inventions and find for them universal credence, that are out of tune with human needs. If on the other hand, my orthodox friend, thine appeal to divine authority is not needed, a higher authority than indeed thy God's is the authority of the human heart, and a higher injunction than the divine mandate from above, is the prompting, the craving of the human soul. For the idea of God precludes the assumption of a command unresponsive to a human want! Pessa'h was not instituted by a divine commandment sounded in the neighborhood of Mount Sinai. Passover with all its attendants, the Paschal lamb, the unleavened bread, the bitter herb, had been observed, long before the so-called night of watching had brought together in anxious expectancy the shepherds ready to leave the house of bondage, prepared to go out sandeled and staffed into the desert of Sinai. Easter was before Moses ever lived; Easter was with the first man who viewed the drama of the heavens,— to him a real and most significant yearly passion play, a struggle for life and liberty against death and bondage. Religion always mirrors man's world-conception. Religious institutionalism responds to and represents man's appreciation of his position in the world of life. Sun dependent, man accompanied in his liturgy the sun's course through the circling year. When the sun came back from prison, when the winter ceased, when the brooks resumed their purling and the flowers peeped curiously out from beneath the lifted cloak of the snow, when the forests began to bud and the winged singers to rehearse their thrilling chant, then man's heart could not but break forth in joy sublime that his protector in the heavens had come back. Thus Easter was instituted most naturally as the festival of the re-born sun, the birthday of freedom won by nature escaping from her captive's rude clutches. It is not merely among the tribes to whom the Bible has brought the incentive that we find at the privotal season of winter and springtide, celebrations, however different in detail, wonderfully similar in all their fundamental appointments. The theory, before the modern science of comparative religion had lifted her voice in protest, indeed, was that these similarities could only be accounted for by the influence of the Bible or of a primitive universal revelation. This explanation has been set aside by the deeper insight into the forces and processes of religious life, due to the investigations carried on by the devotees of comparative religious science. Naught has originally been borrowed from the Jews, nor have the Jews been borrowers; but in Greece, or in the north; in the equatorial belt or in the arctic region; where Lebanon as where Himalay towers; by the Tiber's floods or by the Amazon's tides, these institutions have sprouted forth spontaneously, the same notion sponsoring them where the Carmel hastens to meet the clouds, as fathered them where the turbid waters of the Ganges roll on to meet the Indian Ocean.

Easter sings the freedom of the sun after enslavement in bleak winter; as such we meet it almost everywhere. In the German forests where the sun every springtide makes his triumphal entry on a chariot built of new-blown roses it had a cradle, as it had another in Syria. Climate and temperament alone lend the day its varied symbolism: in the Teutonic north, a festival of solemn joy, in Asia Minor it is a wild feast of lascivious revelry. The Bible, indeed, refers to this Easter festival. Thamus's death the women are bewailing. Who is he? He is the hero of whom Theocritus speaks when he breaks out into this welcome: *'Ο τρισφίλατος Αδωνις ὁ κὴν 'Αχέροντι φιλεῖται.* "Oh, thrice-beloved Adonis, who even in the valley of the shades art beloved." Adonis is the personified sun, the Adonisical festivals are of one family with the original ideas out of which grew our Pessa'h and the Christian Easter. Adonis dies, the sun dies; when he dies the world is filled with mourning. The women in Ezekiel's times bewailed with dissheveled hair, with open breast his going; with all the manifestations of violent grief they shriek out the death of the beautiful God in his early youth. But death cannot conquer him; the next day, or two days thereafter, he bursts open the grave and forth he comes, the bridegroom, impatient to possess his conjugal couch; and his nuptials are celebrated with riotous solemnity. Do you remember the fifteenth Idyl of Theocritus? It gives a glowing account of the celebration of this Adonis day in Alexandria the third century before Christ. It describes, as only a true poet knows how, the eager impatience of the people flocking to the temple, to admire the gorgeous splendor and state with which Adonis, rising from the dead, is appareled! The sun's death and resurrection is mirrored in this as in every Easter festival. It is an annual grief and joy: "Fare thee well, beloved Adonis, but for the next year be of good cheer."

To understand the myth of the dying and reborn sun, we must bear in mind that former ages lacked the physical science of which we may boast. For us it is inconceivable how one that has been garnered with the dead shall burst once more the fetters of the grave. Cheap indeed is that liberalism which protests and vociferates its unbelief in the resurrection. No high-school boy but has the scientific knowledge to disprove the possibility of the dogma. There is but little learning in this denial. The philosopher will not be content to deny; confronted with this universal belief in a resurrection, he will also inquire whence this belief? He will not be satisfied with the easy assumption that some knave of a priest has victimized deluded followers. Let us be sure that humanity at all times was as bright as it is in this the representative age of modern rationalism, to detect such fraud. No priest fastened this dogma of the resurrection on credulous believers; it was before priest ever spoke; it lived before church ever formulated it. The distinction between life and death transcends the knowledge of the child. The possibility of a double life, one that is visible and the other merely indicated, is always suggested to the mind by the common phenomenon, not of sleep, so much as of the shadow. The shadow is the second life of man; thus, that there is a double form of existence one disassociated from the body, as it were, is no mystery to a childlike brain. It is this notion that has given rise to a thousand and one superstitions. You must not stick a pin into a shadow or picture, for it will puncture also its double and original; you must not step across the child's shadow, for you arrest his growth. The reflection in the mirror is the shadow, therefore hang a white shroud before the mirror after somebody has died. For two coffins mean two deaths in the household! A savage will not allow his

picture to be taken, for what betides the picture will happen to him. And this is the root of the idea that you can hang somebody in effigy; the doll that is strung up will represent this or that unpopular man, and like its fate will be that of the absent double.*

This notion is basic to the idea indicated in the doctrine of the resurrection. The shadow, the second self, though the body decay, has an existence of its own, and is under certain conditions susceptible of being summoned back to earth. Long before the Christian dogma was proclaimed, in hundreds of places and in many tongues were told the stories of men who had descended to Hades, or Sheol and had returned or risen from this uncanny region of the disembodied. In the Ishtar legend such descent is a strong element; it is an episode in the Gilgamish cycle of stories. In Virgil and Homer the incident is embellished poetically; even in the Hebrew Bible we come across it. Samuel is cited by Saul by the medium of the witch of Endor. Universal then is the belief in such descent to the abode of the departed and in the possible return. Whence this curious superstition? Ultimately the sun is its source. The sun dies and awakes again; the sun is buried and bursts open the portals of the grave. Thus, the day which spells the sun's return is naturally the day of the resurrection.

When, now, religion advanced and left behind mythological circumstance, as in Israel it did, and cast its message into the form of national ideals, the original meaning of the festival, also took on a new drift. Nature festivals are deeply rooted in the affections of the people; no priest can change them at will; no prophet can abolish them at pleasure. A striking example of this impossibility to uproot natural mythology and its symbolism is furnished by the course which Christianity had to follow in its dealings with nations whose religion it replaced. It had to adopt the religious institutions which were observed before its conquest; Christianity had to recognize all the old solar festivals—Christmas, Easter and many others. And especially with the Easter-tide are connected a thousand and one practices which in German villages, though the church often bent all its energy to abolish them, if it had been able, survive even to the present day. Perhaps some of you, born on the other side of the ocean, may remember of their early days some of the peculiar rites with which Easter was marked to the great delight of young and old. The kindling of firebrands, the march up the hill with lit torches, the singing of quaintly-worded songs at nightfall, the rising at night time to see "the sun dance"—are among the many heathen practices which rooted in customs transmitted in the tradition of localities and of whole clans have outlived the protest of church and rationalism alike. The Christian church's experience undoubtedly was a repetition of the earlier transmutation of custom and rite in Israel. Original Israel celebrated the spring festival as a shepherd people would. In the Caucasus today, shepherd tribes before going out to their spring pastures, will come together to offer to God his annual sacrifice—a lamb. The lamb is prepared in the primitive way; it is roasted on the stick by the living fire, and while the lamb is roasting, the shepherds joining hands in a peculiar limping step, three quarters' time, will dance around the lamb. Limping in Hebrew is connected with the root preserved in the name of this holiday. I have no doubt, some form of the word was the name of that peculiar shepherd dance; that in the Sinaitic peninsula crude, Semitic shepherds, at the breaking of spring when the pastures began to green would offer up the lamb and dance around it; their Pessa'h was the day of spring dance in imitation of the "dancing sun." But when Israel settled in Palestine, the shepherd institution received an agricultural setting, marking no longer the day to separate for the spring pasture, but the beginning of the spring harvest. In Palestine the wheat ripens first in the warmer south. As the harvest progressed from place to place the harvest festival was observed accordingly, resulting in a difference of the day, throughout Palestine; the southern districts had theirs about a month earlier. This accounts for the peculiar institution of the second Pessa'h, *Pessa'h Sheni* and in the fact that Jeroboam is said to have decreed a Pessa'h of his own for his realm, we have a reminiscence of the local dependence of the festival upon the ripening of the harvest. Even in the rabbinical age this element decided the fixing of the day, for when the fields were found as yet not to be ripe for the harvest, the Sanhedrin declared the year to be intercalary adding another month so as to delay by this interval the celebration. Passover in Palestine has all the characteristic distinctions of a harvest home.

But philosophical speculation in connection with national life and tradition soon added another bearing. Not the sun, as told in myth, but Israel it was that had risen to freedom. This idea became the key-note to historical Pessa'h; as the sun breaks the shackles, so Israel broke its shackles, in the spring month. The idea of the resurrection is as yet unexpressed. The day marks the transition from slavery to freedom. But when Israel had ceased to be a nation, when by the brooks of Babylon hung its lyre mute and silent, upon the prophet flashed the confident thought that Israel would rise from this its present state, dead among the dead. Whence did he derive the notion of the resurrection? Ezekiel 37 contains the description of Israel's rise, when the spirit shall have breathed new life upon the dry bones. It has been generally held that here we have influences from the Persian religion; but later scholarship has doubted the contact between the Persian religion and the Jews at this time. The Assyrian tablets have furnished us, however, with a substitute. All the ideas of angels, spirits, demons; all the notions of a second life, the arising from the grave, that at this period of Jewish thought begin to find voice and credence, would thus point to Assyria as their home. The prophet speaks in Assyrian symbols, as it were, to wing his faith that as a nation Judah will rise from the dead. Pessa'h is become the day of national resurrection, as before it had been the day of national deliverance. In fact, Jeremiah had announced that the day would dawn when one would not say: Yahweh lives who led us from Egypt; but "Yahweh lives who has brought us from the lands of the north."

The Christian festival is, it is needless to say, an imitation of the Jewish Pessa'h, however much the church councils endeavored to hide the identity by regulating the calendar to avoid coincidence. Christianity links the old form of the festival with the life of Jesus as viewed through the lenses of Paulinian theology. Jesus now is the light; he is the sun setting on the cross; was buried, broke open the portals of the grave and rose the conqueror of death, his foe, come into the world through the sin of Adam. Shallow rationalism has wasted oceans of ink in attempting to account for the idea of Jesus's resurrection. Orthodoxy simply believes it to be a fact, well attested by documentary evidence. It is not orthodoxy's ruling passion to investigate; if it does, it has an answer ready for whatever seems to disturb its circles. Rationalism, too—and there be among its votaries many of the pseudo-liberals today—centers its attention on the account of the Bible; it has no knowledge of how these reports arose; it lacks all the methods and sometimes the earnestness of true scholarship, but abiding by the account as it is written, twists its letters and sentences to suit its own preconceived fancies. In the case at hand, the rationalists, reading about the empty grave, the weeping women, never doubt the fact so recorded. But what had become of the body? Some one spirited it away and spread the tale that Jesus had risen; or Jesus had not been dead; he had feigned death for a time; he had been in a trance and revived and, in order to shield himself from the persecution, spread himself the news that he had risen, while living in obscurity ever after. In this manner, Rationalism has turned pathos into comedy and burlesque. Criticism fully aware that the recorded fact plays no part and is not the pivotal point as such, traces the development of the underlying idea which created the assumed fact as its exponent. In this instance, the idea is intimately involved in Paulinian theology. The resurrected Christ is the keystone of its arch. With sin came into this world death; only one was born without sin; he conquered sin. Sin and death being exchangeable terms, he had to conquer death by dying and rising from the dead. In Old Testament poetry, poetic expressions doubtlessly echoing an older mythology borrow color and tone from voice crying out in the deepest deep, or returning thanks after release from the gates of Sheol. Did not Jonah live in the belly of the monster? Poetry had preserved the mythological certainty of the resurrection. The poetic language of many a psalm had familiarized men's ears with the possibility of these things, and Paul had easy play to find the verbal assonances whereby to clothe his logical theology, turning the hope of a nation into a dogma founded on the triumph of an individual. For Christianity the Easter day is the day of its most intense affirmation.

Among the Judæo-Christians for many years Easter remained what it was, the Paschal time with this intimation that Jesus as the Paschal lamb had died on the 14th day of Nissan. The date of the death of Jesus is in controversy. The first three gospels state that he died on the 15th day of Nissan, after he had celebrated the Passover with his disciples. The fourth gospel has it that he died on the 14th day. On the 14th day dying, he would be the Paschal lamb. This controversy raged in the Christian church for two or three centuries. The eastern church celebrated Easter on the 15th of Nissan while the western church gradually set it apart as the day of the resurrection. Its view prevailed. Easter is the festival of the resurrection, and as such sounds the fundamental tone of Christian soterology, the doctrine of vicarious atonement, in the death and the resurrection of him who was without sin, the word incarnate.

One question more needs to be answered. Has, now, our Pessa'h lost its value? Has Easter been reft of significance, if, in this wise, we remember how it was developed? I say no! Man facing nature, finds himself one of nature's works and still above nature. Shall not the sentiments which are awakened by the consciousness of his kinship and for all that of his superiority be ground enough

*Had Mohammed something of this in mind when he says (Surah IV., 155) that a "similitude" שבה of Jesus was crucified?

to pillar a sign and symbol, tokening for man on a certain day his exceptional dignity in nature?

If Easter-tide, in the child age of man, typified the vernal return of the fickle sun and the resurrection to new physical life of dead energies, for the Jew it typified more, man's freedom in the historical passover from national slavery in the hope of national resurrection. If for Christianity it peals forth the gospel of the risen Christ, does the new sun spiritual not sound for us more sweetly and more sternly, the message: Man, thou must rise? Thy physical life is of the dead and of the dust, thy spiritual life is of the divine; ever, even in the dying body, the spirit shall rise to new life. Shall such a day not clarion to humanity at large the doctrine and the hope of that continual resurrection which, breaking the portals of the grave, lifts humanity to higher pinnacles of nobler life and of clearer light? Yea; it shall; the days will come, perhaps they are here, when the Easter-tide will sing out the glad story of death conquered, in this sense of the word. Ring out, then, this glad Easter promise from every steeple and from every cupola let the winged voice sing it out into the corners dark, that life is for light and love and liberty Let the down-trodden hear this Easter chime, that shackles made by man cannot fetter what God hath made, the spirit; let it ring out into dungeons dank the story of hope, of freedom and of faith. Wing it across the oceans to nations trained to war, that the Easter day will dawn when war shall be no more, when peace shall bless all mankind. Ding it forth here in this land whereever prejudice would root, where selfishness would enslave, that life is more than in the flesh; more than pelf; that immortality is now and here,—or never. The Easter-tide of the spirit will bless all those that stand ready to receive its benediction; and the Easter story of the future will be: The great and good that die live always. Hath Moses died; hath Isaiah died? Is Lincoln dead? Is he that fathomed the milky way and read the secrets of the celestial arch dead? Is he dead that yoked the lightning and made him minion of man to do his bidding? Cast a stone into the water and at the further shore its impulse will be felt; set adrift the word, it will sound on; it has stirred the air, it cannot be hushed. No life is lost and no life dead except it live for what is dead—dross and deceptive tinsel. He rises who lives for the light. This Easter-mass of immortality in love and liberty of virtue and justice will thrill and throb and cheer and charm as long as man is anxious to be—man. On God's holy mountain death is unknown, there is wiped from every eye the blinding bitter tear! We rise! We live! this, whatever its original setting or its later oschestration, is the eternal Paschal message!

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Sun.—We must believe strongly in manhood, and in nature, and in an honest God.

Mon.—In a hunt for God man finds himself; in a hunt for himself he finds God.

Tues.—The ideal love ever eludes us.

Wed.—The fundamental nature of religion involves friction and discord.

Thurs.—The safety of what we have achieved depends on continued and more speedy progress.

Fri.—Sympathy always heals.

Sat.—A man that hopes always is an upward-looker.

—*E. P. Powell.*

Heimdall.

In the elder Edda I read it,
That volume of wonder lore,
How Heimdall, a god of credit,
Was watchman at heaven's door.

The sight of his eye was keenest
Of all in Asgard's towers,
For he saw, when earth was greenest,
Pale autumn amid the flowers.

His ear was the best at hearing
Of all above or below;
When the springtime's step was nearing,
He heard the grasses grow.

He heard the talk of the fishes
Deep down in the silent sea,
And even the unbreathed wishes
Of chick in its shell heard he.

He heard the feathers growing,
And wool on the old sheep's back;
And even the light cloud snowing
Far off on the sunbeam's track.

He knew what birds were thinking,
That brood o'er the crowded nest,
Ere their fledgling's eyes are blinking,
And the song is warm in the breast.

And why were his senses keener
Than all in that magic clime,
Than Odin, and Thor, and Hænir,
And Baldur of Asenheim?

I think—it is only guessing—
Heimdall was loving as wise,
And Nature, who bent in blessing,
Anointed his ears and eyes.

And should we but love undoubting,
Perchance, ah! who can tell,
We might hear the corn-blade sprouting,
And the tiny leaf-bud swell.

—*Augusta Larned "In Woods and Fields."*

Mother's Visitor.

"HAS anybody been here to-day, mother, while I was gone?"

Effie had been away all day, since breakfast, and now daylight had faded out of the sky, and the moon's "silver sickle" was hanging above their heads.

"Let me see," said mother, putting on her thinking-cap. "Yes, I have had one visitor."

"Oh! have you, mother? Who was it?"

"She did not tell me her name," said mother, with a quizzical little smile.

"Did not tell you her name? How very queer! Where did she come from?"

"She did not say."

"What did she come to our house for?"

"Ah! for several reasons. For one thing, she cured my headache; she brought me a letter from a dear friend; she gave me a new book to read; she put a red rose on my table; she finished a piece of sewing for me, and gave me some sweet, new thoughts."

"What a strange visitor!" murmured Effie. "Was that all?"

"No; she wanted me to do many things for her. She asked me to make broth for a sick girl, to write two letters offering to help two people, to pay a visit, to make a pudding, and several other things."

"And did you do them for her?"

"I did some of them, and some I left undone. I wish now that I had done them all."

"I would give anything to see her, mother. "Will she ever come again?"

"No," said mother, "she cannot come again, because she died at sunset."

"*Died*, mother? How dreadful! And yet you are smiling. I think you are joking somehow,—are you?"

"Not joking exactly, Effie dear, but I am talking in a little parable which I think you can guess, when I tell you that her sister is coming tomorrow at sunrise,—her twin sister, so like my visitor that no one could tell them apart, though some of her gifts and some of her desires will be different from today's guest."

"You say you don't know her name, mother?"

"I didn't say that. I said she did not tell me her name. But I do know it,—it is *Thursday*."

"Thursday!" cried Effie, laughing. "You just mean to-day, then."

"Yes, to-day."

"And your visitor to-morrow will be named"—

"Friday, of course."

Effie was very much amused at the idea of the Thursday visitor and the Friday visitor; but, when she woke up in her little bed the next morning, she said softly to herself:

"How do you do, Mrs. Friday? I wonder what you have brought me to-day? At any rate, I am going to do all the things you ask me, 'cause you have got to die at sunset, you know."

And, right away, Mistress Friday asked the little girl to get up and dress in time for morning prayers.—ELIZABETH P. ALLEN in *Sunday School Times.*

A Wildwood School.

I saw the counterpart of a boy's school one day in the woods of Illinois. I was sitting quietly on a log near a creek, when there came, pacing down a little path, an old mother racoon with five young ones. The little fellows were about as large as half grown cats, and were as full of fun as that mythical basket of monkeys we read about. If ever there was a hard-worked teacher it was that poor mother 'coon. She tried to teach the little imps how to catch craw-fish and how to eat them. When the old lady (she was a very ladylike old 'coon) got the little fellows in a line at the water's edge, she sedately walked to a rock and gravely reached down into a hole and brought out a crawfish. She then proceeded to wash it, but just as she was about to eat it one little 'coon broke rank and stole the crawfish.

This started a row, and all the little fellows were badly mixed, while the old one was administering bites and cuffs indiscriminately among the scholars. She finally succeeded in restoring order, and then sent one of the little 'coons to try it in another hole. Here is where the fun began in earnest, and all the mischievous boys that ever made a teacher's heart ache were angels of goodness when compared with these little 'coons. They pinched each other's tails, nipped each other's ears, bit each other's legs, and worried the old 'coon until she turned to and gave them a general cuffing all around.

It seemed to me that each little 'coon knew his lesson perfectly, and was determined to get all the fun out of the proceedings possible, for when the mother 'coon got so angry that she made her bites felt, the little fellows got down to business and caught, washed and ate their crawfish with the ability of veterans.

The comically grave faces of the little fellows as they reached down into the crawfish holes and groped about for the fish was too much for my risibilities, and I gave such a hearty laugh that the school was instantly dismissed.—*Chicago News.*

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Program of the Western Unitarian Conference.

Tuesday, May 14.

7:45 P. M. Opening services.
Sermon by Rev. John E. Roberts, Kansas City, Mo.

Wednesday, May 15.

9:00 A. M. Devotional meeting.
Leader, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Chicago, Ill.
10:00 A. M. Business session.
Address of the President, Hon. D. L. Shorey;
Report of the Secretary, Allen W. Gould;
Report of the Treasurer, William McFadon;
Brief reports of State Conference Secretaries:
Allen G. Jennings, for Ohio and Indiana;
Charles F. Elliott, for Illinois;
Henry T. Secrist, for Wisconsin;
Leon A. Harvey, for Iowa;
Helen G. Putnam, for Minnesota and the Dakotas;
Abram Wyman, for the Missouri Valley Conference;
Brief reports of individual churches;
Report of the American Unitarian Association work in the west, by Trowbridge B. Forbush;
Appointment of Committees.
1:00 P. M. Intermission. Lunch served in the church.
2:00 P. M. Paper by Rev. C. F. Elliott, Hinsdale, Ill., on "The Bitter Heroism of Science."
Discussion opened by Rev. V. E. Southworth, Janesville, Wis.
3:30 P. M. Paper by Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz, Jr., Hillside, Wis., on Social Injustice as a Source of Atheism and Religious Indifference.
Discussion opened by Rev. W. R. Lord, St. Paul, Minn.
7:45 P. M. Religious services.
Discourse by Mrs. Anna L. Parker, Quincy, Ill., on "The Thought and The Form."
Discourse by Mr. E. D. Coxe, Rogers Park, Ill., on "Beauty in Nature in relation to Man."

Thursday, May 16.

9:00 A. M. Devotional meeting.
Leader, Rev. J. L. Andrew, Sioux Falls, S. Dakota.
10:00 A. M. Report of the Conference Committee on the Relation of the Western Conference to the State Conferences and to the American Unitarian Association and to the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.
1.00 P. M. Intermission. Lunch served in the church.
2:00 P. M. Paper by Rev. George A. Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio, on "Our Free Congregational Polity."
Discussion, opened by Rev. George W. Buckley, Sturgis, Mich.
3:00 P. M. Business session of the Conference.
Election of Officers; Report of Committees.
7:30 P. M. Social Reunion, leader, Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, St. Louis, Mo.
Talk on Dramatics and the Church Life, opened by Miss Bell G. Scribner.
General conversation on the subject.
Talk on Dancing and the Church Life, opened by Rev. Arthur M. Judy, Davenport, Iowa.
General conversation on the subject.

Program of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference.

Tuesday, May 14.

2:30 P. M. Address by the President, Rev. Ida C. Hultin;
Report of the Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Bethia C. Reed;
Report of the Post Office Mission secretary;
3:15 P. M. Paper by Miss Sadie American, on The Universal Element in All Religions;
3:45 P. M. Poem by Alice William Brotherton;
4:00 P. M. Business.

Program of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.

Friday, May 17.

10:00 A. M. Address of the President, Allen W. Gould;
Report of the Secretary and Treasurer, Albert Scheible;
Reports from the Sunday Schools;
Appointment of Committees;
11:00 A. M. Report of Committee on Local Sunday School Unions, by the chairman, Rev. A. M. Judy;
General discussion opened by Rev. E. E. Gordon;
12:00 M. Paper on The Best Methods of Sunday School Records, by Rev. R. F. Johonnot, to be followed by a general discussion.
1:00 P. M. Intermission.
2:00 P. M. Talk on Nature Studies in the Sunday Schools, by Mrs. Anna L. Parker;
General discussion opened by Mrs. E. E. Holway, Rev. Lewis J. Duncan and Mr. Albert Scheible.
4:00 P. M. Business.

To Delegates and Attendants:

Delegates and attendants at the meetings will report, upon arrival, at the Third Unitarian Church, northwest corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. Take the Madison street cable cars and get off at Laflin Street.

A reception committee will be at the church on and after Tuesday afternoon to guide delegates and others to suitable stopping places.

Letter from the Third Unitarian Church:

To our Brethren of the Unitarian churches and to any other churches that will attend the Western Unitarian Conference, Fraternal Greeting.

Dear Brethren:—The coming Conference, beginning on the 14th of May, is to be held with the Third Church of Chicago. We bid you a warm welcome. We are very glad to have the Conference meet with us, and will do all in our power to make this session happy and profitable. Will not your church be prompt to send its full number of delegates? It is to be hoped greatly that all our churches will attend and make a full Conference, as seems our duty to one another and to our great thoughts of religion, that we may help spread them in the world.

Good boarding places at very moderate price will be ready for you near to the church.

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Again with fraternal greeting and commending this meeting of the Conference to your faithful interest,

J. M. WANZER,
April 10, 1895. Chairman of Trustees.

From The Illinois Missionary.

Having exchanged pulpits with Rev. James Gorton, who preached at Freeport April 14th, I was with my own people at Elgin for our Easter service. The day was pleasant, the church was filled, and twenty-one new members were added to its roll and received the right hand of fellowship from the pastor. It was an Easter of benediction and blessing to us all.

Sunday, April 21st, Rabbi Joseph Stolz preached at Freeport in the evening, and I visited Nunda with a view of organizing a movement there to unite it with Hampshire in settling a minister. Rev. Robert Jardine is giving excellent satisfaction at the latter place, and I understand has been regularly engaged. The present arrangement of railway trains on Sunday. will make it possible for him to preach at one place in the morning, and at the other in the evening. A strong following seems likely in both Hampshire and Nunda.

One very pleasant feature of my visit to Nunda was that the Disciple minister called on me Sunday morning, and extended a very

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courteous invitation to preach in his pulpit in the evening. This invitation I heartily accepted, and in the evening the church was crowded. Our morning audience at the hall was not so large, owing to rain.

The people at Nunda think that one more visit of the secretary will secure a sufficient support for regular services. It is a bright and beautiful little town with excellent possibilities for a liberal organization.

A. N. ALCOTT.

Chicago.

The People's Pulpit is the name of a weekly publication recently started in connection with the People's Church, and containing one of Dr. Thomas's sermons in each issue. The publisher is H. P. Cain & Co., 308 Dearborn street, and the price is $1.00 a year or 5 cents a number.

The society at Unity Church has extended a permanent call to Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, who has filled the pulpit so satisfactorily for the past year.

Appleton, Wis.

Rev. John Faville, the minister of the First Congregational church of this city, is giving a series of evening sermons on the other churches of the city. He calls the series "What I like about the Other Churches of Appleton." This is a great deal better than the old style of sermon which usually concerned itself with what I do *not* like about the other churches; and we should judge it would be far more helpful to the church and to the community.

Cleveland, O.

The April Calendar puts the "Book of Daniel" for the morning subject, April 7th, and "The Mission of Jesus" for the evening subject,—an especially happy combination. The Easter topic was "Resurrection." On April 28th the Sunday school finishes the study of Mr. Crooker's lessons.

Coon Rapids, Ia.

Rev. T. P. Byrnes, of Humboldt, spoke here April 2d, 3d and 4th to an audience numbering between four and five hundred each evening. His subject Tuesday was Wendell Phillips, but on Wednesday and Thursday he spoke of natural religion and the main points of the Unitarian faith. "At the close of the services an invitation was given to all who were interested in liberal religion to remain after the dismissal of the audience, to become better acquainted and talk over the desirability of organizing a society. A large number remained, and several, consisting of business men and others, signed the articles of organization, the object being to have Unitarian lectures occasionally for mutual benefit. The officers are: President, S. D. Henry; vice-president, Miss Ida Stockwell; secretary, J. C. Manning; treasurer, J. T. Horine; chorister, V. M. Johnson. Rev. Mr. Byrnes proved himself a man of fine oratorical powers as well as of splendid ability. All seemed delighted with his discourses, excepting a few strongly orthodox, who, of course, could not be expected to endorse the liberal religious views he taught. But all cannot see alike, and so each one of whatever religious belief should be cheerfully accorded the right and privilege to work in his or her own particular way for the bettering of themselves and humanity."—*The Coon City Enterprise.*

Streator, Ill.

The issue of the *Independent-Times* of this city for Easter Sunday, is edited by the ladies of the Home Missionary Society, an organization connected with the Church of Good Will. The paper is a remarkably creditable number. The reading matter contains articles by Mrs. C. P. Woolley, Mrs.

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Janesville, Wis.

A new interest seems awakening in the Independent Society of Liberal Christians of this city under the ministry of their new minister, Mr. Southworth. The audiences have already run up to three hundred in numbers.

Princeton, Ill.

The new minister of the People's Association is proving himself an energetic and successful worker. The attendance at the regular services has already risen to one hundred and fifty, and a Sunday school has been started numbering about fifty.

Peoria, Ill.

The third number of *The Unsectarian*, published by the People's Church of this city, has a vigorous article on the Religion of Crutches and the Great Crutch Trust of Orthodoxy. There are also several other excellent articles in the paper. The one on "Religion for Children" is especially timely and sensible.

Richland Center, Wis.

We learn that Unity Church of this city is having a successful year. It is made up of very heterogeneous material, as so many of our Western liberal churches are; but the wise and earnest work of the minister, Mrs. Alice Ball Loomis, is gradually harmonizing the discordant elements and the church is becoming a liberalizing force in the community.

Winona, Minn.

The Unitarian Church of this city has a hard-working man for minister. He goes out to the west to speak at Plain View every other Wednesday, and on the alternate Wednesday evening he speaks at Arcadia on the north, making both these places suburbs of Winona. But he finds time to do good work at home also and is steadily building up the society here. He has had a course of Sunday evening lectures during the winter, by laymen or other clergymen; and on these occasions the audiences have often crowded the church to the doors.

The Study Club.

Knowledge is Power.

Story of a Bad Boy.

Professor Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, has written a story of his experiment in trying to reform a youthful Chicago pickpocket. He picked the boy up on the street, where he was begging for pennies. His companions called him "Skinny" and, although a thief, he preferred begging to picking pockets. Professor Starr says: "With the boy staying much of his time at my house, I made him a careful object of study. From what he told me and from what I could find from his people and from other sources, I arrived at a pretty fair knowledge of his past life. I knew the boy in all his moods. Knowing his past and his present, I could see comparatively little hope for his future. At no time have I believed that very much could be done for his improvement. The boy, although slight, is strong; although pretending to hate work, he will do almost as much as a man. Although ignorant in many ways, he is a pretty lively companion.

"For these reasons, and not for any intention of studying him or of reforming him, I took him with me last summer to Mexico. We left in July and returned in September. The boy was with me continually for three months. It was the first time that I had seen him every day for any length of time. What I had long believed was true was demonstrated during this time. The periods of restlessness, which before had preceded his visits to the street, prefaced outbursts of a most unreasonable and irrational kind. These 'spells,' regular in their occurrence when the boy is left to himself on the streets, become painfully regular when he is living a steady and disciplined life.

"While we were in Mexico these outbreaks became of weekly occurrence, almost to the hour on Thursdays. No particular exciting cause was necessary to bring on one of these unfortunate spells. For some time before there was a gradual gaining of restlessness, until at last the little brain was full of unhappy tendencies; then anything, a word, a look, the slightest crossing, would precipitate the occurrence.

"In these spells the boy is thoroughly without reason, self-control or sense. In them he might do murder; in them he does steal or indulge in other wrong action. If the boy is prevented from any rash deed and his period of sulking following the outburst is not interfered with, the whole thing is over in two hours. Then for six days he will be all that can be asked. While he was in Mexico the boy's grandmother died. It was the occasion of his making many good resolutions, which he thoroughly intended to carry out On our return, he went home, returned to work in a factory and gave his money to his mother. His spells continued, however, and in one of them he lost his job, after several weeks of steady and hard work. Since that time he has been most of the time at his home or at my house. My attention having been turned to his spells, I observed what will surprise no school teacher of experience, that, besides the regular outbreaks, whose time of occurrence might be predicted, there were also occasional outbreaks when meteoric disturbances of widespread violence and influence were raging. It was at the approach of such a storm in February that the boy took some spoons which were my property.

"The truth in regard to the disappearance of the spoons is briefly this: The boy had been home spending Sunday. Monday, which was a wretched day, he was unusually nervous and restless. If it had been Wednesday I should have expected an outbreak and provided against it. As it was, I was too busy to notice it, and the matter took its course. Tuesday we had a blizzard, and on that day the boy was liable to yield to any temptation. Being sent to a drawer for some object, the spoons caught his eye and went into his pocket. Ten minutes later we together went downtown. Separating to attend to different errands, we failed to meet at the appointed time.

"His head is badly shaped; his eyes, which are slightly crossed, are placed at different levels; his nostrils are uneven and his nose, which is of peculiar shape, is noticeably unsymmetrical; his lips are crooked; his ears project much too far; his body is so thin and poorly developed as to well warrant his nickname of 'Skinny.' Although he learned to read and write years ago he has made little progress in education. Sharp and shrewd in some ways, he is like a child of 5 or 6 in others; acquainted with vice and evil beyond what a man should know, he is amused and pleased with the simplest toys and with sports almost infantine. One of the most affectionate I ever knew, he loves his mother with almost profound adoration; but, while his affection is good, it is not so related to

OFFICIAL REPORT

COMPLETE PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

First American Congress

OF

Liberal Religious Societies,

Held at Chicago May 22, 23, 24 & 25, 1894.

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many things in his poor brain as to lead to reform.

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A Chicago Daily.

Correspondence

A Plea for "The New World."

[The following letter from Rev. Thomas R. Slicer to the editor of *The Christian Register*, written some months ago, puts so strongly the claims upon religious liberals of that admirable quarterly, *The New World*, as to which we published a note week before last, that we now republish it in our columns in the hope that it may bring home to our readers the great value of the review—EDITORS.]

EDITOR CHRISTIAN REGISTER:—

The letter of Mr. N. P. Gilman in your issue of this week moves me to add a word to the same intent touching the support which Unitarians owe to the *New World*.

I use the word "*owe*" by deliberate choice and for the following reasons:—

1. Three of our busiest men have given their services to this enterprise practically without remuneration. These men are Prof. C. C. Everett of Harvard University, Prof. C. H. Toy of Harvard University, and Rev. Nicholas P. Gilman. The salary of the managing editor is so absurdly small, in view of his labors and responsibilities, that it is not worth mentioning as compensation. The addition of the name of Dr. Cone, president of Buchtel College, completes the list of generous and learned men, devoted to the cause of reverent free thought, who constitute the editorial board of the *New World*. Do not our laymen and ministers *owe* to the review a hearty support, when four of the best of the sons of the republic of sacred learning have given three years of skilful and painstaking direction to the enterprise?

2. We *owe* it support as a sign that we appreciate the fact that we alone, of all religious denominations, can conceive and carry forward the idea of publishing a review of ethics, religion, and theology without sectarian limitation. The Unitarians of the past three generations have been reproached by "the majority" with having only five hundred churches in the United States. We have replied, "To every man his work." We have not built all the churches of America, nor fixed our badge on every breast; but we have created the literature of America. So completely is this true that the standard works of American literature in every house today, with the exception of the fewest names, have been the product of the free spirit of the Unitarian authors. It is a better work, better done, than to have built all the churches of America. It falls to us as our natural heritage to send out a great review, in which the man who knows his subject thoroughly and can convey his knowledge exactly shall promote ethics, religion, and theology on terms free from denominational bias. At the meeting held last May in the interest of the *New World* one gentleman—a learned teacher in a theological school, *not Unitarian*—said that the *New World* was the only review in any language in which a special student could print his conclusions unhampered by any condition,

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except that he shall know his subject and freely say what he knows. We have achieved the distinction of being the only body of Christians who can maintain such an enterprise unselfishly and for love of learning and righteousness; and *we owe it* to ourselves to add to that distinction "a breed of barren metal," that it may become fruitful of good by union with such an inspiring purpose.

3. We *owe* to the religious world the proof for which it waits, attentive to see whether Unitarians to whom God has given so much are grateful and quick to recognize their privileges, or whether they are simply "*the graves of God's mercies.*" The average man is convinced that people believe in themselves and their truth by the readiness with which they pay for it. It is a vulgar argument, but it appeals to the mass of men. They take us at our own valuation. The proposal to endow the *New World* with a fund of $50,000 is equivalent to an offer to Unitarians to prove what they often claim to be, the advance guard of religious liberty. For it provides for free thought upon terms at once consistent with freedom, reverence, and learning. The proposal to have the fund revert to the American Unitarian Association upon the event of the review being discontinued provides against any loss of the money to the cause we so profoundly love, widening the borders of light and making the realm of darkness narrower.—THOMAS R. SLICER.

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The Study Table

LIFE AND ART OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS ANCESTRY AND OF THE JEFFERSON FAMILY OF ACTORS. By William Winter. New York: MacMillan & Co. Cloth, crown 8 vo; $2 25.

Mr. Winter's present book is a careful revision and a liberal extension of his book of 1881 called "The Jeffersons." The revision has been so thorough and the additions are so considerable that the work is practically new. The Jefferson family has done more or less acting for five generations, not counting the children and grand children of our contemporary Joseph, several of whom have been and are upon the stage. Mr. Winter gives the first 150 pp. of his book to the generations before him whom for convenience, we might call Rip Van Jefferson. Many of these pages are intrinsically interesting but the most of them shine only with a light reflected back from the greatest of the line. This, when it got to Rip Van Jefferson, was twisted of three national strands, French, English and Scotch. Seeing that President Jefferson was of Welsh extraction it is a little strange that our Joseph's first Jefferson ancestor was not a Welshman, but, like Mr. Du Maurier's Taffy, a Yorkshireman. His name, too, was Thomas Jefferson. Rip Van was born in Philadelphia, February 20, 1829. Mr. Winter gives a very full account of his professional life. It makes its appeal specially to play-actors and play-goers. It anticipates Mr. Jefferson's posterity in no offensive manner. It contains no adequate recognition of the wonderful charm and brilliancy and intelligence and range of his private conversation. Something is said of his present delight and proficiency in painting, but nothing sufficiently indicating his enthusiasm for an art which is at best his second wife. His acting is nothing to him in comparison. There is sound rebuttal of the notion that Mr. Jefferson is a one-play actor, but that his personality has been plastic to

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his acting of Rip Van Winkle there can be little doubt for anyone who has talked with him an hour or even five minutes.

Mr. Winter's book suffers as a literary performance from the multitude of its details. It cannot be compared with Mr. Jefferson's autobiography, a book *sui generis*, with a style so simple and direct, so fresh and beautiful, that one questions whether it is not as a writer that Mr. Jefferson shines pre-eminent even more than as an actor or a painter. Mr. Winter's book is enriched with many portraits and other illustrations and there are *editions de luxe* for $7 and $10 to tempt the collector of rare editions. The $2.25 edition is good enough for any average mortal. C.

HOW WE ROSE. By David Nelson Beach. Boston: Roberts Bros. 86 pp.; 60 cents.

This little resurrection dream in four short chapters indicates the author's thought of the love of God and the wideness of the salvation wrought by the Savior. The Savior is Jesus, but the author would seem to regard the Buddha but as another incarnation of the same spirit. F. W. S.

The Magazines.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for April contains a serious and interesting paper on "The Position of Judaism," by Mr. I. Zangwill, the talented Jewish writer of London; and the fourth of Mr. Albert D. Vandam's papers on the "Personal History of the Second Empire."

"LITTLE JOURNEYS to the Homes of Good Men and Great" has William Ewart Gladstone and Hawarden as subjects for its March number; and Mr. Hubbard has very felicitously conveyed to his readers the sense of restful ease which the great Englishman's home made upon his own mind.

THE BIBLICAL WORLD for April contains a translation of a chronology of Old Testament literature published as an appendix to the new German translation of the Old Testament edited by Prof. Kautsch, of Halle, in the production of which eleven specialists of reputation have co-operated. *The Biblical World* also contains an admirable though brief review of Dr. W. E. Griffis's "Religion of Japan," just published by Scribner's.

THE ALTRUIST INTERCHANGE for April is "a village improvement number." The subject it discusses is a promising one.

TO-DAY for April has as its most interesting article the report of the discussion at the Nationalist Conference at Philadelphia between Hon. John Wanamaker and Prof. Frank Parsons, in which the former stated that if he should conduct his business in accordance with the Christian law of love, he would soon be bankrupt.

THE MONIST for the spring quarter has for its leading article a careful statement as to the World's Parliament of Religions, by Hon. C. C. Bonney, the President of the World's Congress in 1893, in which President Bonney sets forth the purpose and the method of the Parliament, quoting verbatim many of the rules of procedure adopted, and also stating briefly his own thought as to the future results. Dr. Carus, who is secretary of the World's Religious Parliament Extension, sets forth briefly the celebration held by this organization last New Year's day, giving extracts from many of the letters received from distinguished members of the Parliament who could not be present,—among which that by Rev. George T. Candlin, the Christian missionary to China, is especially worth reading. Other contributions are an address to teachers by Prof. C. Lloyd Morgan, well entitled "A Piece of Patchwork"; "The Well Springs of Reality," by E. Douglass Fawcett, who sets forth the claims of Monadology as the true philosophy; "Music's Mother Tone and Tonal Onomatopy," by C. Crozot Converse; "Bonnet's Theory of Evolution," by Prof. C. O. Whitman; Editorial Comments on Romanes's "Thoughts on Religion" and on the contributions of Fawcett and Converse; Literary Correspondence from France by Lucien Arréat; some forty pages of valuable book and magazine reviews—perhaps the most important of which is the review of Prof. Lloyd Morgan's "Introduction to Comparative Psychology"; and, as an appendix, a long poem on "The Soul," by Major J. W. Powell.

THE ARENA for April contains a paper on "The People's Highways," by Prof. Frank Parsons, of the Boston Law School, which is well worth reading. He favors government ownership and management of railroads and telegraphs, and proposes several methods by which that condition may be reached. He presents his side perhaps too favorably; but, after all proper discounts have been made, there still remains so much in his argument and presentation of facts that is incontrovertible, that the case for government ownership is a strong one. UNITY readers will notice with pleasure the name of Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley among the contributors to this month's *Arena*. She contributes a little poem on "Heredity."

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS for April contains a very interesting paper on "The Living Greek: A Glance at his Politics and Progress", by Prof. J. I. Manatt; sketches of municipal reform, under the title "Our Civic Renaissance," by Dr. Shaw; an extended review of Balfour's "Foundations of Belief," by Mr. Stead, and a brief sketch of Samuel Dana Horton by Frederick W. Holls.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

HOW WE ROSE. By David Nelson Beach. Boston: Roberts Bros. 86 pp.; 60 cents.

IN THE SADDLE. By Oliver Optic. (The Blue and Gray Army Series.) Boston: Lee & Shepard. 451 pp.; $1.50.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. By William C. Gannett. Boston: James H. West, 147 High street. Paper; 15 cents.

A HAND-BOOK OF LOUISIANA: Giving geographical and agricultural features, together with crops that can be grown, description of each parish, climate, health, education, fish and oysters, railroads and water courses. By Wm. C. Stubbs, Ph. D., Director State Experimental Stations. New Orleans: The State Immigration Association. Paper; 56 pp. Free.

THE ZIG-ZAG PATHS OF LIFE. By Matilda Vance Cook. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 258 pp. $1.00.

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Boston Herald.—One is very strongly impressed with the sincerity and reality of expression.

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THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT IN THE MODERN ENGLISH POETS. By Vida D. Scudder. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 349 pp.; $1.75.

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The Origin of the Fable.

At a meeting of the Frankfurt Jewish Historical and Literary Society, the rabbi of the province, the Rev. L. Munk-Marburg, delivered a very interesting discourse on the origin of the fable. The learned gentleman remarked at the outset that it was very difficult to establish whether the fable had its origin with the Greek, the Indian, or the Semitic races. The prince of fables was Æsop, and that name could be traced to Semitic origin and to the Hebrew language. How far this might be held to point to the Hebrew origin of the fable, it would be bold to attempt to settle at this great distance of time, but there was every warrant for asserting that the Jews had given to Europe a large number of her best-known fables, and had been instrumental in carrying a still larger proportion, which possibly might not have been the invention of the Jewish mind. The Bible itself is full of Fables introduced in illustration of great truths. And it is curious to note that the tendency to resort to this mode of instruction did not decrease, but rather grew in favor as the race developed. Thus, we find it widely dispersed in the Books of Judges and Kings and trace it with increasing frequency and force right on through the Talmud and Midrash into the New Testament.

To come to instances of fables which are now the common property of all European nations, the Rev. Munk-Marburg gave many examples, which most authorities do not trace further than the Middle Ages. Doubtless that was the time when they were in everybody's mouth and began to be written down in various forms for the use of the people. But they had been brought from the east by the Jews. The commonest of all, perhaps, the fable of *Reinecke Fuchs*, appears in Jewish lore, where the wolf is plagued by Reinecke. Here, too, we have that beautiful story of the grateful lion who was tended by man. In this early form it is not a thorn in the foot which plagues the king of the forest, but a bone which stuck in his throat. The man removed it, and when he looked for his reward, the noble lion thought he should be content with knowing that he had pushed his hand down a lion's throat without being injured. The foolish raven is here, too, who is overtaken by the greed of the eagle, in this case not by letting his food fall in order to show off his voice, but by using the latter too lustily when he finds a dead body. This noise brings the eagle, who carries off the prey and leaves the raven to bemoan his own folly. The Greek fable of Menenius Agrippa, where the stomach disputes for supremacy with the other members of the body, had its counterpart in Jewish literature. With us the tongue comes off victor.

These are only a few of the most striking instances, which Rabbi Munk-Marburg brought to the notice of his hearers.

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CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren avenue and Robey street, M. H. Harris, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIENDS' SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenæum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plummer, Minister.

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PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

STEWART AVENUE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

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